Ther: Roguery. *Dio.* Naythen:
Creſe: Ile tell you what.
Dio: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forſworne.
Creſ: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A iugling tricke to be ſecretly open,
Dio: What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?
Creſ: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio: Good night.
Troy: Hold patience.
Vliſ. How now Troyan. *Creſ.* Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.
Troy: Thy better muſt.
Creſ: Harke a word in your eare.
Troy: O plague and madneſſe!
Vliſ: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
Leaſt your diſpleaſure ſhould inlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous:
The time right deadly, I beſeech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Vliſ: Now good my Lord go off.
You flow to great diſtruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee ſtay.
Vliſ: You haue not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you ſtay; by hell, and all hells torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio: And ſo good night.
Creſ: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.
Vliſ: How now my Lord?
Troy: By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ: Gardian? why *Greeke?* *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.
Creſ: In faith I doe not, come hether once again.
Vliſ: You ſhake my Lord at ſomething, will you goe: you
wil breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke. *Vliſ.* Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will and all offences

A guard of patience, ſtay a little while.
Ther: How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles together; frye lechery frye.
Dio: Will you then?
Creſ: In faith I will lo, neuer truſt me elſe.
Dio: Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ: Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vliſ: You haue ſworne patience.
Troy: Feare me not my Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele, I am all patience: *Enter Creſſ.*
Ther: Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ: Heere *Diomed* keepe this ſleeue.
Troy: O beauty where is thy faith!
Vliſ: My Lord.
Troy: You looke vpon that ſleeue behold it well,
Hee loued me (oh falſe wench) giu't me againe.
Dio: Whoſe waſt?
Creſ: It is no matter now I ha't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prethee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther: Now ſhee ſharpens, well ſaid *Whetſtone.*
Dio: I ſhall haue it.
Creſ: What this? *Dio:* I that.
Creſ: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maiſter now lyes thinking on his bed
Of thee and mee, and ſighes, and takes my gloue,
And giues memoriall dainty kiſſes to it, as I kiſſe thee.
Dio: Nay do not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.
Dio: I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy: I did ſweare patience.
You ſhall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you ſhall not,
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio: I will haue this, whoſe was it?
Creſ: It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. Twas on's that lou'd me better then you will,